

The Slighted Maid's
GARLAND,

Composed of several excellent

NEW SONGS.

- I. The Slighted Maid.
- II. John and Susan.
- III. The Coachman got with child by the Postillion.
- IV. Bunch of Green Ribbons.
- V. The Answer.
- VI. The Lullaby.




Licensed and Entered according to Order.

The Slighted Maid.

HERE's one that loves as many others do,
 And now to my grief I bid you adieu;
 He strives to torment me, and do the worst he can,
 But I never will grieve for a false deluding man;
 Let him go, &c.

He led me and drove me till I came to loves school,
 But for to tarry there I was not such a fool,
 'The doors he bolted thinking to keep me there,
 But the doors I broke open, and then I got clear.
 Let him go, &c.

And when I got my liberty I had reason to rejoice,
 When I love another I'll make a better choice,
 For such men as those are plenty to be found,
 And before I will have him I'll search the world
 Let him go, &c.  [round.

Some say he's endu'd with a great deal of wit,
 And those that enjoy it won't profit a bit,
 For if he has any he doth it all save,
 To keep him when he is old, and carry him to the
 Let him go, &c. [Grave.

Some say he courts another, but the maid he will
 deceive,
 The fool does think that I for him will grieve;
 No, no, I'll let you know I go no more that way,
 To be scar'd by an Owl, that seldom flies by day.
 Let him go, &c.

Come all you young maidens draw near unto me,
 And I'll let you know how cautious you should be,
 Put half a pound of reason into a grain of sense,
 With a large sprig of rhyme and as much prudence.
 Let him go, &c.

JOHN and SUSAN.

COME thy way Susan and sit down by me,
 Let us consider about matrimony;
 For thou art my true love, my joy and my dear,
 Pr'ythee love let us be married this year.

Pray honest John do not talk of such things,
 For marriage great trouble and sorrow doth bring,
 Besides times are hard and provision is dear,
 Which makes me loath to be married this year.

If times be hard and money be scant,
 I'll do my endeavours love thou shalt not want;
 I'll follow my calling with diligent care,
 Pr'ythee love let us be married this year.

When some couples are married I say,
 They have at their marriage three shillings to pay,
 Besides other charges lies very dear,
 Which makes me loath to be married this year.

If I should bring children as I am afraid,
 At the birth of each child there's two shillings to pay
 Besides gossips and nurses they stand very dear,
 Which makes me loath to be married this year.

Did you not promise me long time ago,
 We should be married before it was long;

So do not prove inconstant to him that's thy dear,
But Pr'ythee love let us be married this year.

I cannot deny these words you relate,
I did make a promise to be your mate;
Since alteration of times are so clear,
Which makes me loath to be married this year.
So farewell, farewell, since it is so,
I am resolved to another I'll go;
For good Luck or bad Luck I'll never fear,
For I am resolved to marry this year.

Oh! stay, John, stay, oh! why in such haste,
I'll be your true love as long as life lasts,
For good Luck or bad Luck I'll never fear,
For I am resolved to marry this year.

All things in readiness they did provide,
And in less than ten days he made her his bride;
The bells did ring and music did play,
For joy that *John* and *Susan* was married this year.

The Coachman got with Child by the Possilion.

GOOD people give ear to my comical fun,
Which not far from London was done;
The jest it is merry it will make you smile,
It is of a Coachman that was got with child.

His name it is John,
With a Merchant did dwell,
His business did mind,
And was liked very well;

But what all the servants
Was most surpris'd at,
John all on a sudden did grow very fat.

The Merchant call'd for his Coachman,
His coach to prepare;
The Coachman was not to be found I declare,
The Merchant up to the bedchamber did go,
And there found the coachman oppress'd with woe.

Crying out my back,
O my back and belly,
O what is the matter come tell unto me,
My back and my belly,
Indeed I'm not well,
With that he out with a terrible squal,

Go fetch me the midwives,
Or else I shall die;
Then another pain came,
And aloud he did cry,
Pray Sir let your good Lady come,
Some baby's cloathes look or I am undone.

Down runs the chambermaid, cookmaid and all,
The chambermaid went for the midwife to call,
And coming along unto her did say,
How could this be gotten dear Madam I pray.

The Midwife thought the girl was mad,
And running up stairs found him very bad;
The Midwife calls out I'll not touch not I,
Then the poor Coachman aloud he did cry.

Then Madam try the best of your skill,
Confess the whole matter to you I will;

I'm one of your sex the Postilion beguil'd,
And he is the man that got me with child.

The Midwife went and found the right Lord,
And into the world a lovely son was brought,
They call'd the Postillion and wish'd him much joy,
He hug'd and kiss'd his own lovely boy.

Now John lies in like a person of fame,
The ladies and gentry a visiting came;
And when she gets up womans cloaths she shall wear
And be a wet nurse to a Lady so fair.

The Merchant swears the child he will-keep,
And settle upon it a pretty estate;
The Lady she was pleas'd to the life,
The Postilion he swears he'll make her his wife.

The Bunch of Green Ribbons.

Once I had a true Love but now I have none;
Once I had a true Love
But now I have none:
Since I must not have him,
Since I cannot gain him,
Since I must not have him,
I will never have none.

Last night in sweet slumber, I dreamt I see,
Last night in sweet slumber, I dreamt I see,
My own dearest jewel, my own dearest jewel,
My own dearest jewel, smiling by me.
But when I awoke and found it not so,
But when I awoke and found it not so,

Then soon I bethought me,
 Then soon I bethought me,
 Then soon I bethought me,
 Which way I should go.

I set out for Dublin, for France, or Spain,
 I set out for Dublin, for France, or Spain,
 On ship board I enter;
 On ship board I enter,
 My life I'll boldly venture,
 And never return to old England again.

But now he is married, as I heard them say,
 But now he is married, as I heard them say,
 He has wed young Nancy,
 He has wed young Nancy,
 He has wed young Nancy,
 His own hearts delight.

But since he's got married,
 No longer I'll murmur;
 A bunch of green Ribbons,
 Green Ribbons, green Ribbons,
 A bunch of green Ribbons
 I'll wear for his sake.

There's no one shall know the tears I have shed,
 There's no one shall know the tears I have shed,
 I think it's an honor, it must be an honor,
 I think it's an honor, to die for his sake,
 But since he's got married,
 No longer I'll murmur, &c.

THE ANSWER.

But since I am resolved to die for my dear,
 I'll chuse six young virgins my coffin to bear,
 And all those young virgins I now do chuse;
 Instead of green ribbons green ribbons green
 ribbons,

Instead of green ribbons a garland shall wear.

And when in the Church in my grave I lie deep,
 Let all those fine garlands, fine garlands, fine
 garlands,

Let all those fine garlands hang over feet.

And when any of my sex behold the sight;
 They may see I have been constant been constant,
 They may see I'm constant to my hearts delight.

THE LULLABY.

Peachful slumbering on the Ocean,
 Seamen fear no danger nigh;
 The winds and waves in constant motion,
 Sooth them with their lullaby,
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
 Sooth them with their lullaby.

As the winds tempestuous blowing,
 Still no danger they descry,
 The guiltless heart its boon bestowing,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.

Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
 Soothe them with their lullaby.